

Worthy of its predecessors,
 Worthy of the sweet conceptions.
 Of the manly nervous diction,
 Of the phrase, concise or pliant,
 Of the songs that sped the pulses,
 Of the songs that gemmed the eyelash,
 Of the other works of Henry ?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 You may wish that you may get it—
 Don't you wish that you may get it ?
 Should you ask me, Is it worthless,
 Is it bosh and is it bunkum,
 Merely facile flowing nonsense,
 Easy to a practiced rhythmist,
 Fit to charm a private circle,
 But not worth the print and paper
 David Bogue hath here expended ?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 You're a fool and most presumptuous.
 Hath not Henry Wadsworth writ it ?
 Hath not *Punch* commanded "Buy it ?"

Should you ask me, What's its nature ?
 Ask me, what's the kind of poem ?
 Ask me in respectful language,
 Touching your respectful beaver,
 Kicking back your manly hind-leg,
 Like to one who sees his betters ;
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 'Tis a poem in this meter,
 And enbalming the traditions,
 Fables, rites, and superstitions,
 Legends, charms, and ceremonials
 Of the various tribes of Indians,
 From the land of the Ojibways,
 From the land of the Dacotahs,
 From the mountains, moors, and fenlands.
 Where the heron, the Shu-shuh-gah,
 Finds its sugar in the rushes :
 From the fast-decaying nations,
 Which our gentle Uncle Samuel
 Is improving very smartly,
 From the face of all creation,
 Off the face of all creation.

Should you ask me, By what story,
 By what action, plot or fiction,
 All these matters are connected ?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 Go to Bogue and buy the poem,
 Publish'd neatly, at one shilling,
 Publish'd sweetly, at five shillings.
 Should you ask me, Is there music
 In the structure of the verses,
 In the names and in the phrases ?
 Pleading that, like weaver Bottom,
 You prefer your ears well tickled ;
 I should answer, I should tell you,

Henry's verse is very charming ;
 And for names—there's Hiawatha,
 Who's the hero of the poem ;
 Mudjeekeewis, that's the West Wind,
 Hiawatha's graceless father ;
 There's Nokomis, there's Wenonah—
 Ladies both, of various merit ;
 Puggawangum, that's a war-club ;
 Pau-puk-keewis, he's a dandy,
 " Barr'd with streaks of red and yellow ;
 And the women and the maidens
 Love the handsome Pau-puk-keewis,"
 Tracing in him *Punch's* likeness.
 Then there's lovely Minnehaha—
 Pretty name with pretty meaning—
 It implies the Laughing-water ;
 And the darling Minnehaha
 Married noble Hiawatha ;
 And her story's far too touching
 To be sport for you, you donkey,
 With your ears like weaver Bottom's,
 Ears like booby Bully Bottom.

Once upon a time in London,
 In the days of the Lyceum,
 Ages ere keen Arnold let it
 To the dreadful Northern Wizard,
 Ages ere the buoyant Mathews
 Tripped upon its boards in briskness—
 I remember, I remember
 How a scribe, with pen chivalrous,
 Tried to save these Indian stories
 From the fate of chill oblivion.
 Out came sundry comic Indians
 Of the tribe of Kut-an-hack-um.
 With their chief, the clean Efmatthews,
 With the growling Downy Beaver,
 With the valiant Monkey's Uncle,
 Came the gracious Mari kee-le,
 Firing off a pocket-pistol,
 Singing, too, that Mudjee-keewis
 (Shorten'd in the song to " Wild Wind,")
 Was a spirit very kindly.
 Came her Sire, the joyous Kee-lee,
 By the waning tribe adopted,
 Named the Buffalo, and wedded
 To the fairest of the maidens,
 But repented of his bargain,
 And his brother Kut-an-hack-um
 Very nearly chopp'd his toes off—
 Serve him right, the fickle Kee-lee.
 If you ask me, What this memory
 Hath to do with Hiawatha,
 And the poem which I speak of ?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 You're a fool, and most presumptuous ;
 'Tis not for such humble cattle
 To inquire what links and unions